

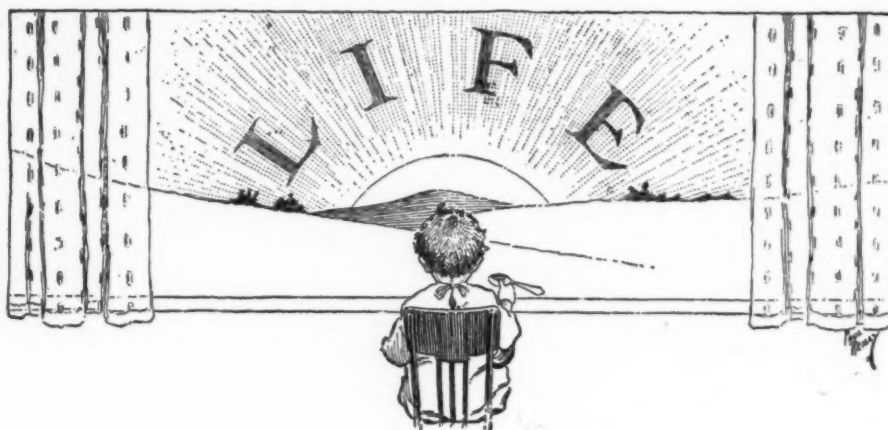
Life

APRIL 27, 1922

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LIFE'S Book-stuff Number

COMING! Issue of May 11. Containing not only the announcement of Spring Books but a number of lively and engrossing features.

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The Weekly Visitor

The Lyric Baedeker London

THE finest thing in London is the Bobby;

Benignant information is his hobby.
Don't be autobiographic
While he's regulating traffic,
But when less pronounced congestion
Gives him leisure, put your question,
And without the slightest fuss
He will designate the bus
That will take you out to Stratford,
Brixton, Clapham Junction, Catford,
Hendon, Plaistow, Horsleydown,
Cricklewood,—or any town,
Street or district that you're bound
for;

'Tis a thing that he's renowned for.
Who so amiably efficient,
Who so helpfully omniscient,
Who so humorously gentle,
So indulgently parental?
When you're stupefied and silly
In the rush of Piccadilly,
When you're feeling lost and sobby,—
Yes, the finest thing in London is the
Bobby!

Oh, of course, you'll see the Tower
Where when knighthood was in
flower

They decapitated traitors,
Nobles, queens and legislators;
Then they'll show you old St. Paul's,
Crumbling bits of Roman walls,
Galleries of wondrous treasures,
Public parks for simple pleasures,
Palaces remotely dated,
Vaulted chambers consecrated
By Elizabeth the Spinster,
And the Abbey of Westminster
And the House of Commons lobby;—
But the finest thing in London is the
Bobby! A. G.



The Exclusive Garter because it has exclusive features. For example—it is the only adjustable Wide web Garter without the Hook and Eye Cast-off on the face of the Pad. Also has the famous Oblong All-Rubber Button.

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, Makers of
Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for All the Family

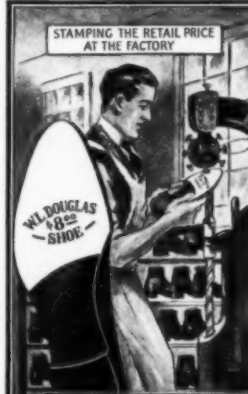
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No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay one or two extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

When Lovely Woman Stops to Gossip

"LOUISE, dear, I haven't seen you for ages. You look so well, my child. Your complexion is nothing short of wonderful. An achievement, my dear, nothing less. What beauty parlor are you going to now? You must tell. Oh, Tremann's. Isn't she frightfully expensive? But then, they say she performs positive miracles.

"Did you know that the Grenvilles have separated? Yes, indeed. Only last week. Madge was so tolerant, too. Never said a word about Phil's flirtation with that actress, but then he trumped her ace three times in one afternoon and—well, you know, a human being can stand only just so much.

"The Franklin Curtisses are at the breaking point, too, I understand. He objects to Mary's having a cot in her bedroom for her Pom. And it's just the darlingest creature. An exceptional dog, really.

"I ran into Blanche Wendell only yesterday. My dear, she has aged so that you would scarcely know her. She's had trouble. Lots of it. Her first husband—George Thomas, you know—stopped paying her alimony after she

remarried. Stingy brute! And he won't even answer her letters of protest. Her lawyer says she can't do a thing legally, but as Blanche says, 'Why, if George had married again he would have had to keep on paying me. I don't see why it should be changed just because I do it.' But what can you do, my dear?

"Gracious, is it that late? Four o'clock. I shall have to fly. Promised to meet Jack at the Plaza at half-past three, and you know how it irritates a man to be kept waiting.

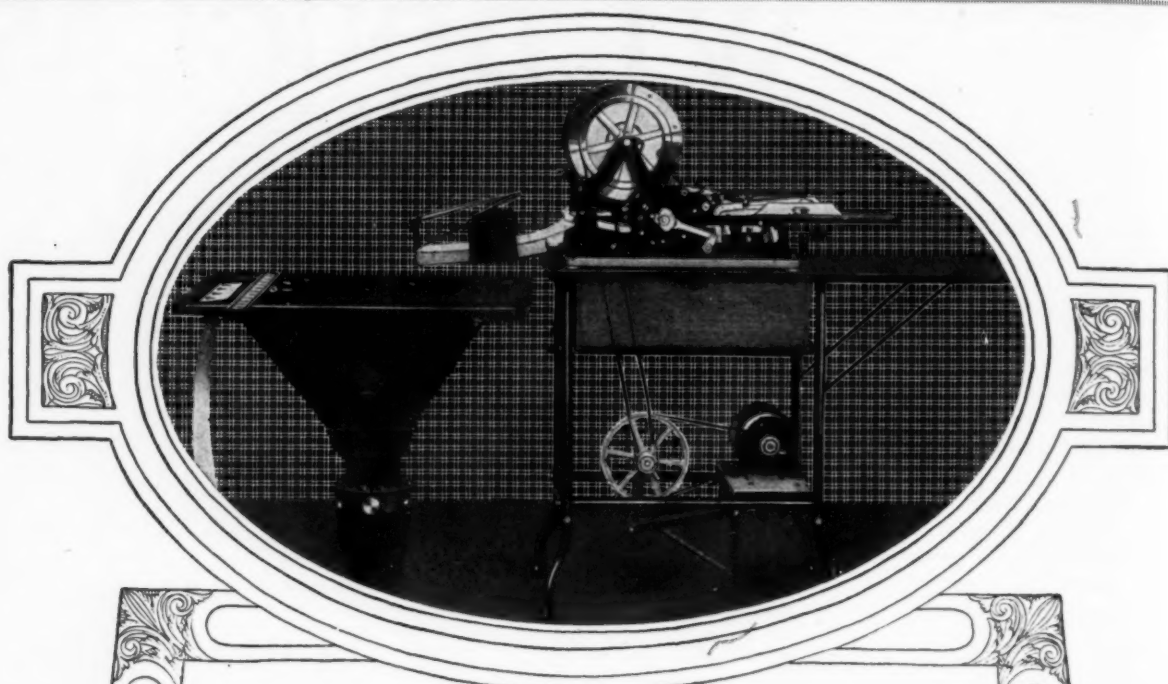
"It's been a positive joy to see you again. And you really are looking splendid, my dear. Tremann's you said? Au revoir."

J. K. M.

Have a complexion
that everyone
admires
Dispel the blotches
Restore skin health
and beauty by using

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing



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Life

Plea

SECRETS, you said, would hold us two apart;
You'd have me know of you your least transgression
And so the intimate places of your heart,
Kneeling, you bared to me, as in confession.
Softly you told of loves that went before,—
Of clinging arms, of kisses gladly given;
Luxuriously clean of heart once more,
You rose up, then, and stood before me, shriven.

When this, my day of happiness, is through,
And love, that bloomed so fair, turns brown and brittle,
There is a thing that I shall ask of you—
I, who have given so much, and asked so little.
Some day, when there's another in my stead;
Again you'll feel the need of absolution,
And you will go to her, and bow your head,
And offer her your past, as contribution.

When with your list of loves you overcome her,
For Heaven's sake, keep this one secret from her!

Dorothy Parker.



The Boy: This lady's with me.



Sanctum Talks

"LIFE?"

"Can this be Babe Ruth?"
"Quite so. My dear LIFE, I'm charmed to meet you."

"This is indeed an honor. What can I do for you?"

"I just dropped in to talk over this dreadful baseball situation. Really, you know, it's fearfully distressing."

"Tell me everything. I won't say a single word about it to anybody."

"LIFE! You simply don't know what I've suffered. In the first place, there's that horrid Landis."

"Yes, they say when he left there wasn't a dry eye on the bench."

"You know there never is. That's the way joy affects some people."

"After he came I suppose—"

"The whole atmosphere has changed. Baseball has descended into the most trying materialism. All our lofty ideals—"

"Why, it's as bad as the rest of the country, isn't it?"

"Quite so; to-day the baseball situation in America is down to the level of a Brisbane editorial."

"You shock me!"

"I assure you I am not exaggerating. Every time I tap out a home run it makes me fairly ill. It's all so sordid."

"But people still attend, I suppose."

"Yes; that's the dreadful part of it. An official baseball game is getting to be little better than a women's professional golf tournament."

"What would you suggest?"

"Why, I think it ought to be taken out of Judge Landis's hands and turned over to Mr. Harding."

"But my dear fellow, how can Mr. Harding spare the time from golf?"

"Pooh. Look at me! Don't I spare the time from taking joy rides to make

home runs? LIFE, you astound me with your conservatism. Good morning."

"G-good morning!"

T. L. M.

Breaking Things Off

"MY dear," said Mr. Hurst, as soon as the parlor-maid had shut the door, "I'm going to be brutal, because there's no way of doing this sort of thing decently. I feel like a cad,—a dog,—a worm,—anything low you like to mention."

"I almost think I know what you're going to say, Julian," interrupted Mrs. Templeton, softly, "but do sit down while you are saying it."

"I'd rather stand."

"Well, I'll sit down, then," she said, with the ghost of a sigh. "Go on."

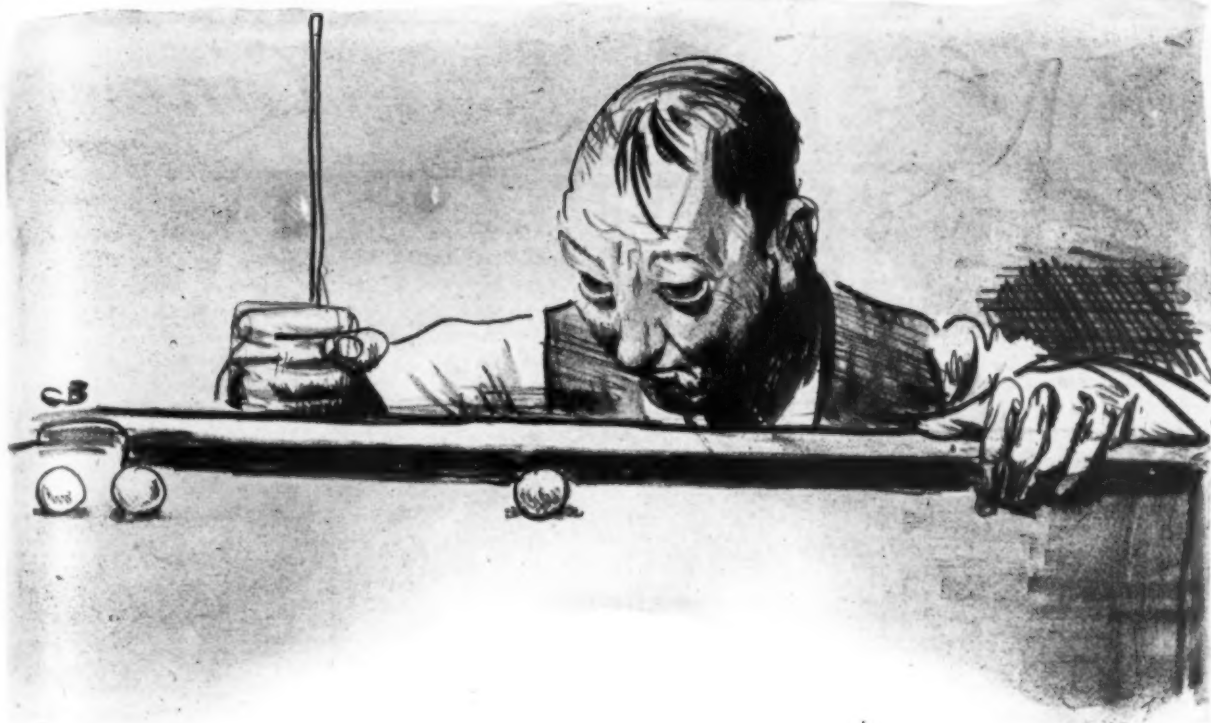
"Our friendship—relation—the thing we've stood for to each other,—" he resumed, "don't think I don't know how sweet it has been. And yet I have always felt that some day it would have to stop."

"Most things do, don't they?" observed Mrs. Templeton. "I have felt, too, that you would change again."

"I don't know what you mean by



"When he married her, she settled a sedan, a special touring car and a racer on him."
"Sort of a marriage of conveyance, wasn't it?"



Lithograph by Geo. Bellows

The Indoor Athlete

"again," protested Mr. Hurst, with some irritation.

"Why, you fell out of love with some one else before you fell in love with me. I meant that and no more."

"One cannot stop change," said Mr. Hurst, rather sulkily.

Mrs. Templeton said nothing.

"But this is different," he hastily went on.

"Yes, Julian."

"This is permanent."

"Of course it is."

"You mean you don't believe it, I suppose."

"You suppose quite wrong, my dear. I do."

Mr. Hurst experienced a little of the feeling of the man who, having put all his strength to the bursting of a lock, finds the door was never fastened.

"Why are you so sure?" he inquired, after a pause.

"I know the lady and I know you."

"You know the lady?"

She nodded. "Do you think I have no intuition? And if I hadn't do you think I'm blind, or deaf? Of course I know her. You were made for each other."

Mr. Hurst concentrated over this reply. Somehow it did not appear to him complimentary in spirit.

"I'm not in the least worthy of her, you know," he declared.

"Oh, yes, you are, dear Julian."

"You don't think badly of me, then?"

"It would be paying myself a poor compliment."

"You are wonderful!" he exclaimed, with a deep breath of admiration and relief, and striding forward he pulled her from her chair into a hearty, if renunciatory, embrace.

The face of Mrs. Templeton, hidden against his breast-pocket, revealed no smile, if smile there were upon it.

"You won't go letting other men make love to you when I'm gone, will you?" asked the abdicating monarch.

"Only Montague Payton," returned the fair slave, tranquilly. "I am going to marry him."

"Marry!" cried Mr. Hurst, thrusting her away from him. "How can you marry?"

"Poor Templeton died in the asylum abroad two months ago."

"And you never told me!"

"To what would it have committed you, Julian?"

"But suppose I—I want to be committed?"

"You must get some one else to do it, dear. I'm committed already."

Mr. Hurst took his hat and flung out

of the house in the blackest humor.

Mrs. Templeton watched him from the window.

"If he turns south to the club, I'll telephone and make it up. If he turns north to her—"

Which way did Mr. Hurst turn?

C. D.

Vers Libre

In the deep blue shadows
Of the forest—
Under the silver rays of the moon—
A tinkling sound
Like the faint ringing
Of some far-off temple bell:
And over the silver surface
Of the quiet water—
Tiny wavelets widening
Like a vagrant thought
On some half-awakened brain—
Fading farther and farther
(And farther)
Into the inscrutable distance . . .

Come away, you fool!
It was only a bullfrog
That jumped in the pool.

History From the Balcony

TEACHER: Who was the Great Liberator?

TOMMY: Houdini!

Life



Lines

THERE being that number of members, the *New York World* refers to Congress as "The 531." Don't confuse with that other great comedy number, "The 5:15."

As a commentator on America, Margot Asquith is only commonplace, with Clare Sheridan forty miles ahead of her.

How about light wines and beer? Bacchus is willing.

Day-by-day record of a newspaper's death: Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Munsey.

Disabled veterans are convinced that the government's rehabilitation program is based on an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a dollar and a half a month for an arm.

12 Dry Agents Not Lost at Sea.—*Headline.*
Darn!

A lot of folks enjoy ice-cream pie because it's the only frozen article in ten years of which James Oliver Curwood isn't the author.

The only place in which some boobs ever offer their seats to a lady is in a canoe.

Ireland's freedom is a sort of victory without peace.

The neighborhood theatre has at least shown our culture centers that a samovar is not a musical instrument.

Newly installed dial machines for telephone self-service are reported to be almost human in their ability to get wrong numbers.

Statistics prove that Congress wastes too much time talking, but they don't prove it half so well as acoustics.

What's the matter with Lenine? He isn't dying as often as he used to.

By 1928, at the present rate, the bootleggers will be strong enough to have their own candidate for president.

Motto for telephone girls: Hear nothing, see nothing, know nothing.

From what we gather from the press, Lloyd George gets out of bed every morning, shaves, combs his hair and comes downstairs to face the daily crisis.

The Greeks, says a news report, are to evacuate the Eskishehr-Afiun-Karahissar-Kutaia line within a fortnight. If they do it alphabetically it will take longer than that.

George Bernard Shaw is always lecturing, preaching or scolding. But give him credit—he stays in England to do his lecturing.

A Cossack general has been arrested in New York for robbery. Do we believe in protecting home industries? We do.

Barbers who announce a one-dollar haircut evidently think they have a scissors hold on the public.

And now Sweden may have prohibition. Introducing Stockholm brew.

A new magazine has just been issued entitled *The Interpreter*. To interpret the short stories in the other magazines?

The text of the Irish Agreement: A contradiction in terms.

An article in the *Bookman* says that Sherwood Anderson and Joseph Hergesheimer are vain. But the article doesn't say what for.

A man in South Carolina hid rum in his wooden leg; and then somebody pulled it.

As we understand the matter of Allied reparation, Germany is willing to let the whole matter drop.

A prize has been offered for a slogan that will stimulate travel. In the meantime, the Eighteenth amendment seems to be doing pretty well.



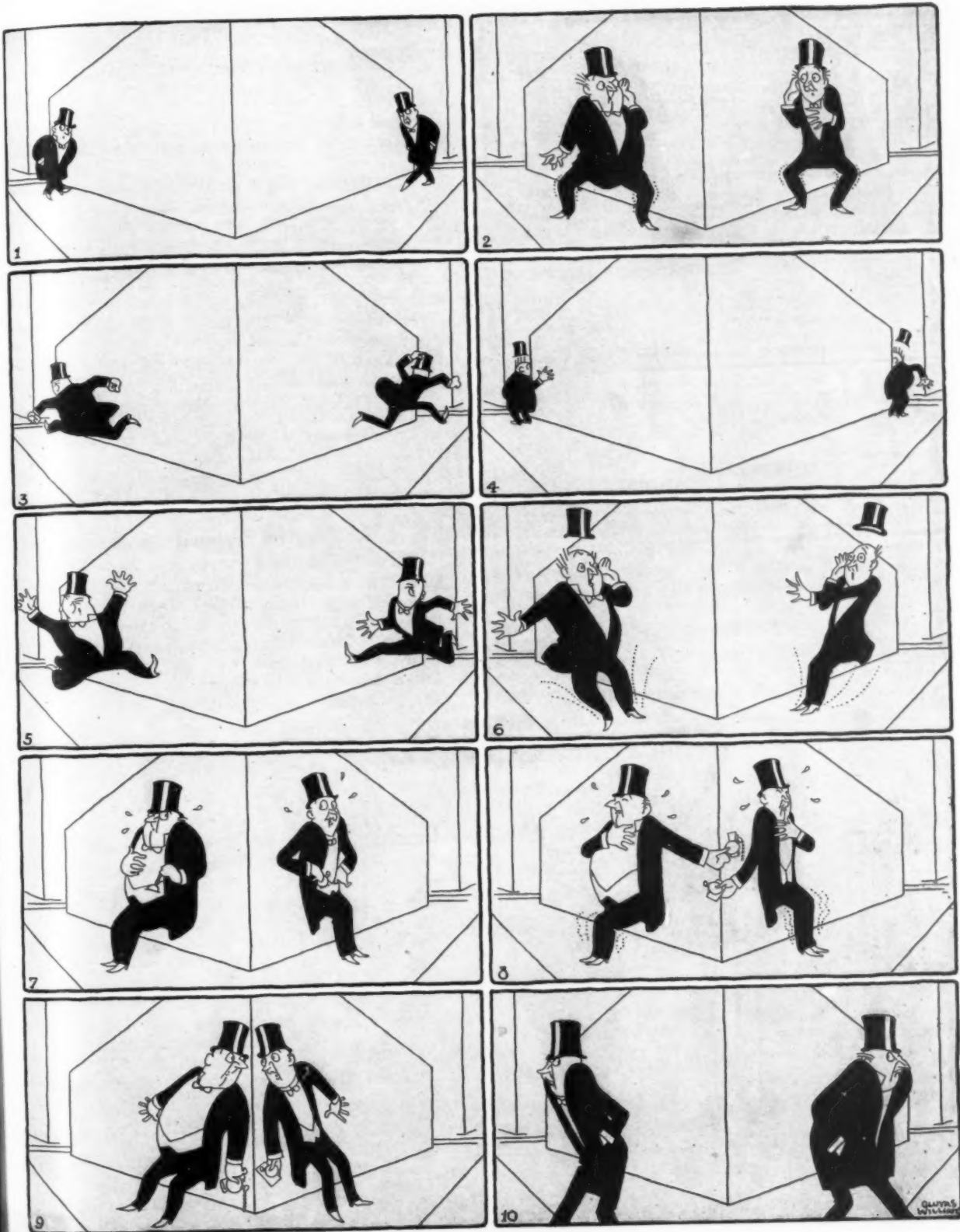
The Apple's Prayer

"Lead us not into fermentation."

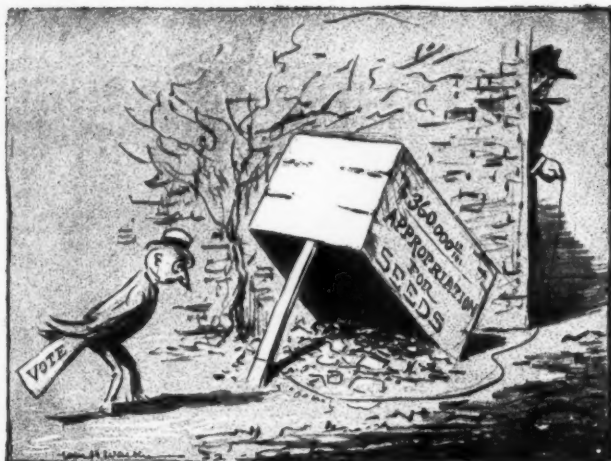
A female mosquito lays 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 eggs in a hundred days. Hey, Mrs. Sanger!

The people of Utah, pleased with their representation at Washington, are considering teaching the young idea how to Smoot.

Now that President Harding has received a document from the I. W. W. recounting its patriotism and its proud war record, a communication is in order from Big Bill Haywood asking to be awarded the D. S. M.



Nerves



Economy at Washington
The same old Congressional trap is still used

Horrible!

EVIDENTLY, in planning to make flivvers from cotton, Mr. Ford has overlooked the possible consequences. Think what will happen when your car gets wet and begins to shrink! Think how disconcerting it would be to start out with a sedan and come home with a runabout or a tricycle or a skate—or nothing at all!

Not Likely

"I wonder what will be the next fad, after people get tired of jazz."

"You never can tell. They may take up music."

An Efficiency Test for Employees

1. What is loyalty? What is duty? What do you owe to the firm? What does the firm owe you? What do you owe to the book-keeper?
2. How many minutes in a lunch-hour?
3. What is the best method of getting a raise out of the boss? A rise?
4. An office boy has approximately 8,988 grandmothers. How many league baseball games are there a season?
5. Two stenographers have one tea date apiece. If the boss keeps them after hours, how many times will the telephone ring?
6. If it takes one executive three-quarters of an hour to dictate one letter, how long will it take a staff of four stenographers to powder their noses in the ladies' room, commencing at half-past four?
7. (a) What does "in conference" mean? (b) "Busy on another wire"?
8. Of whom is the photograph on the big boss' desk? When does it disappear?
9. The little hand of the clock points at five and the big hand at ten. Where are the office hands?
10. Punctuate the following sentence: "I worked like a fool yesterday."

H. W. H.

The Last Word in Personal Accomplishments

(From the Viewpoint of a Boy)

ABILITY to lick anyone of equal size.
Expelling cigarette smoke through the nostrils.
Putting a lighted match into the mouth.
Equanimity under corporal punishment.
Walking the roof edge.
Acquaintanceship with a boxer.
The possession of a double-jointed thumb.



"Are you planting a garden this spring?"



"Dat's a remarkable fine chile, Mis' Peebles—what name have you giv her?"
 "Dat chile is so kind and gentle in her ways dat I was 'bleeged to fin' a name fo' her dat was
 sof and smooove, so I calls her Ambrosia."

The Fly in the Millennium

IT will be a cold day for the humorists when the millennium comes bursting forth above the horizon. People in other walks of life will doubtless regard it as an occasion for intense rejoicing: no one will have the slightest cause for worry, everyone will devote the golden hours to frolicking and romping and having all sorts of fun, and the cynical city of New York will be able to change its name to Pollyannapolis. But, as I have said, the humorists will be out of luck.

And why?

Well—there are two reasons.

In the first place, the need for mirth provokers will be removed. The world, of course, will be laughing joyously all the time and will not need the artificial stimulus of an explosive slapstick or a delicate satiric thrust to goad it into a state of merriment. No one will have to read jokes, or listen to humorous lectures, or see comedies in

the movies or on the stage. On the contrary, everyone will be so saturated with laughter that the public will find diversion in the most dismal literature and plays. One will hear such slogans as, "Learn to frown," and "The voice with the snarl wins." I am quite sure that some enterprising promoter will inaugurate a "National Gloom Week."

In the second place, the humorists—even granted that they still have cause for existence—will find nothing to laugh at. The world will be perfect, and perfection is no subject for satire. There will be no Prohibition, no Fords, no golf duffers, no crime waves, no William Randolph Hearsts or William Jennings Bryans, no divorce scandals, no cold snaps or hot spells, no near-sighted professors or absent-minded old ladies, no high-brows and no low-brows, no indecipherable time-tables, no Congressmen . . . in short, there will be practically nothing left to kid.

But the humorists—jokesmiths, columnists, movie comedians, after-dinner wits, traveling salesmen and clowns—will have one consolation left.

There will always be Hell.

Robert E. Sherwood.

The Reformer's Lament

I HAVE harried the chickens out of their nests,

I have prayed the suffrage in,
 The demon rum I have put on the bum,
 And—I seek another sin.

I could make the running horses walk,
 I could shake the trotters pace,
 But I have gone in debt to place a bet
 On Hypocrite for place.

Tobacco, chicle, women's clothes—
 None of these answers my ends.
 I am seeking a sin that I am not in
 And that hasn't too many friends.

Donald McDonald.



The Real Wiglaf: Man and Monarch

Robert C. Benchley

Much time has been devoted of late by ardent biographers to shedding light on misunderstood characters in history, especially British rulers. We cannot let injustice any longer be done to King Wiglaf, the much-maligned monarch of central Britain in the early Ninth Century.

The fall of the kingdom of Mercia in 828 under the onslaughts of Ecgberht the West-Saxon, have been laid to Wiglaf's untidy personal habits and his alleged mania for practical joking. The accompanying biographical sketch may serve to disclose some of the more intimate details of the character of the man and to alter in some degree history's unfavorable estimate of him.

SITHEN (as one might say) our first glimpse of the Wiglaf who was one day to become ruler of Mercia, the heart of present-day England (music, please), is when at the age of seven he was taken by Oswier, his father's murderer, to see Mrs. Siddons play *Lady Macbeth*. (Every subject of biographical treatment, regardless of the period in which he or she lived, must have been taken at an early age to see Mrs. Siddons play *Lady Macbeth*. It is part of the code of biography.)

While sitting in the royal box, the young prince Wiglaf was asked what he thought of the performance. "Rot-ten!" he answered, and left the place abruptly, setting fire to the building as he went out.

Beobald, in citing the above incident in his "Chronicles of Comical Kings," calls it "an hendy hap ichabbe y-hent." And perhaps he's right.

Events proceeded in rapid succession after this for the young boy and we next find him facing marriage with a stiff upper-lip. Mystery has always surrounded the reasons which led to the choice of Princess Offa as Wiglaf's bride. In fact, it has never been quite certain

whether or not she was his bride. No one ever saw them together.¹ On several occasions he is reported to have asked his chamberlain who she was as she passed by on the street.²

And yet the theory persists that she was his wife, owing doubtless to the fact that on the eve of the Battle of Otford he sent a message to her asking where "in God's name" his clean shirts had been put when they came back from the wash.

We come now to that period in Wiglaf's life which has been for so many centuries the cause of historical speculation, pro and con. The reference is, of course, to his dealings with Aethelbald,

the ambassador from Wessex. Every school boy has taken part in the Wiglaf-Aethelbald controversy, but how many really know the inside facts of the case?

Examination of the correspondence between these two men shows Wiglaf to have been sim-

ply a great, big-hearted, overgrown boy in the whole affair. All claims of



"Like he was trying to walk a tide-rope"

his having had an eye on the throne of Northumbria fade away under the delightful ingenuousness of his attitude as expressed in these letters.³

"I should of thought," he writes in 821 to his sister, "that anyone who was not cock-ide drunk would of known better than to of tried to walk bear-foot through that eel-grass from the beech up to the bath-house without sneekers on, which is what that ninn Aethelbald tried to do this AM. Well say lafter is no name for what you would of done if you had seen him. He looked like he was trying to walk a tide-rope. Hey I yelled at him all the way, do you think you are trying to walk a tide-rope? Well say maybe that didnt make him sore."

Shortly after this letter was written,

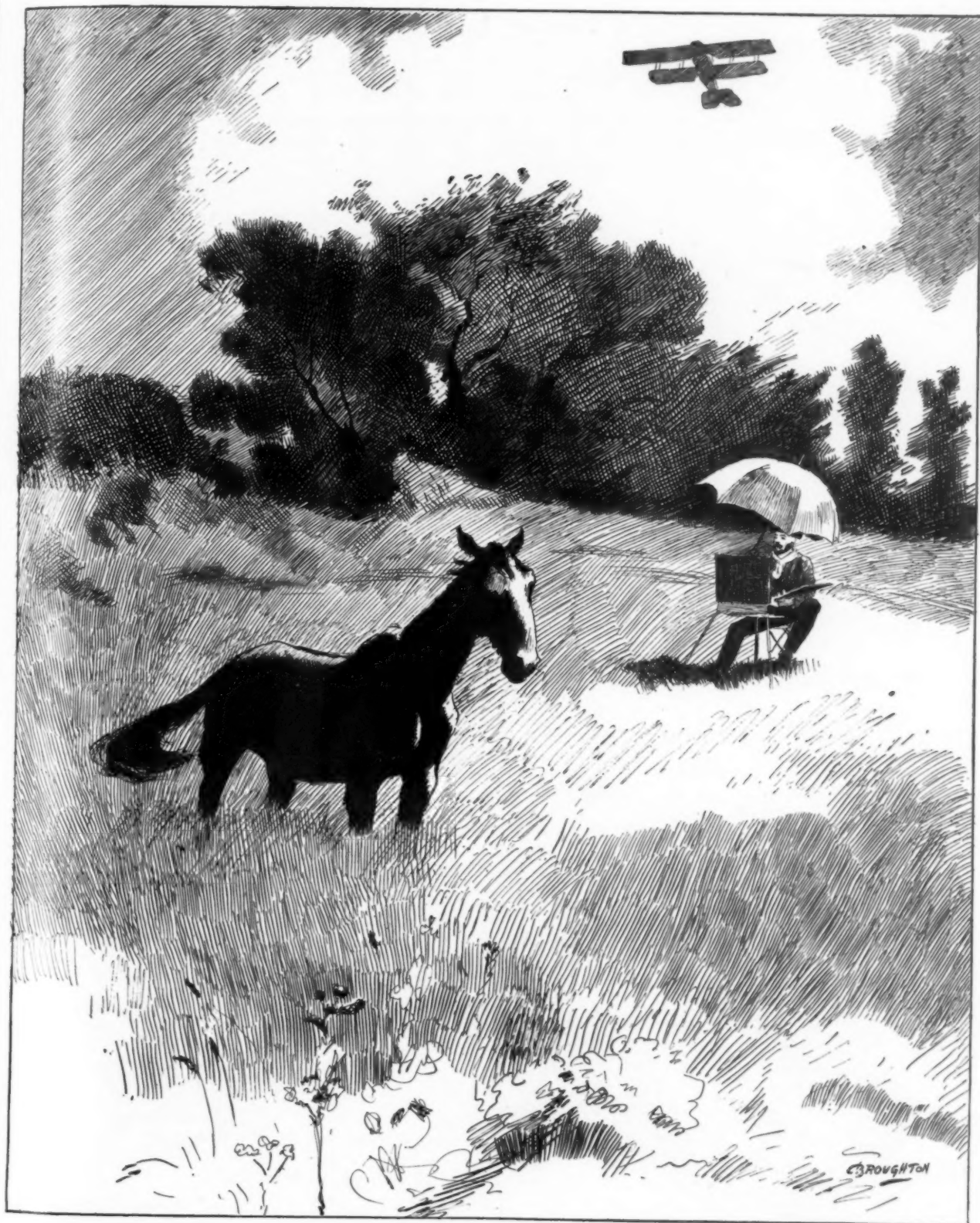


¹ Lebody. *Witnesses of the Proximity of Wiglaf to Offa*. II. 265.

² Roguet. *Famous Questions in History*. III. 467.

³ Letters.—III. 274.

(Continued on page 31)



The Last Horse

A Jury of His Peers

Judge and jury were moved by the impassioned plea of counsel for the defense. They hung on his every word.—From a newspaper account of the trial.

THE JUDGE (*in dignified thought*): Hope Martin uncovers some of that old Bourbon to-night. Couldn't stand his drooling talk otherwise. It surely is potent Bourbon. Well, one lives in hope.

FOREMAN (*staring moodily at defendant*): If I could get the knack of keeping my head down I'd be all right. Bill Spurgeon got it that time he had a stiff neck. I wish something like that would happen to me. Then I'd surely break 100 and Thompson wouldn't be able to crow over me all the time. Distance from the tee is all I need to show some of those birds a thing or two. Keeping my head down, that's all I need now—and a little better work on my approach shots and a steadier game on the greens. That's all.

NUMBER TWO (*simulating intelligent interest*): This trial is just like a movie. What was that one I saw with the missus the other night? Oh, yeh! "In Defense of Her Honor." I wonder how they think up all those things they put in the movies. It's a gift, I guess. Those guys must get a lot of money for that sort of stuff.

NUMBER THREE (*registering horror*): This fellow surely deserves the electric chair. Guilty as sin. I wish they'd hurry up and get it over. Suppose I'll have to start going

to the dentist's again now. Good Lord, how I dread that.

NUMBER FOUR (*winking at court attendant*): Wonder if Babe Ruth got a homer to-day.

NUMBER FIVE (*shooting a dagger barrage at the judge*): Just shows what those politicians are. The district leader promised to fix it so I wouldn't have to serve. I'm off the Democratic party for life.

NUMBER SIX (*counting on fingers*): If I bought 300 Moonbeam Oil at eighteen and I pyramided every point—let's see. Seven from eighteen leaves eleven. Eleven times three hundred. That's thirty-three hundred, without figuring pyramiding. Oh, baby! I'd have a fortune. Now, if I only had enough to buy those three hundred shares.

NUMBER SEVEN (*clenching fists*): I'll bet that Garmann mucker has been pestering May to death since I've been tied up with this case. Don't see why she lets him stay around, though. Be hanged if I do.

NUMBER EIGHT (*brightening at thought*): They'll be running at Jamaica next week. I must get down on Miss Behave when she starts. She looks good for a killing now. About fifty on the nose and fifty to place should put me on velvet for the season.



"Gee! Jimmy, what is it?"
"Sh-h! The orchestra's croaked!"



Child: Oo-oo-oo! I want that!

NUMBER NINE (*out-grinning the Cheshire cat*): Hope the wife has a nice, thick, juicy steak to-night. Me for that and a couple of bottles of brew. Gosh! I hope she remembered to stir that last batch. If she didn't, it's ruined.

NUMBER TEN (*stroking mustache*): That was a pretty little lady sat in the third seat this morning. Took rather a fancy to me. Wonder where she went to.

NUMBER ELEVEN (*smiling at defendant's counsel*): Must call up Kathleen as soon as I get away from here. Who was it told me about that new orchestra at Babylon Gardens? Pete, I guess. Must be good, from what he said.

NUMBER TWELVE (*gazing at ceiling*): Six letters, starting with A and ending with S, and it means a collection of fruits. That's the only one I need to fill out the Sunday cross-word puzzle. Apricot? No, that ends with a T. It's got seven letters, too. Anchovies? No, they ain't fruit. they're entrees, or something. That thing's got my goat. Soon as I get home I'm going to grab the dictionary and go right through all the A's until I find it.

* * *

Two hours later.

FOREMAN (*in solemn tones*): We find the defendant guilty!

James K. McGuinness.

Pittsburgh, Chicago or New York?

"Waiter, bring me a glass of water."

"Yes, sir. What flavor, sir?"

'Twas Ever Thus

THE {Editor
Farmer} had toiled hard all day, over a not very interesting task. He had {read rotten fiction
dug in the dirt} till he was very tired. Rushing home, he changed his {clean
dirty} clothes for {dirty
clean} ones, and had a delightful, restful hour {digging in the dirt.
reading rotten fiction.

Philosophy

THERE is a smiling spirit at the heart of things,
So the old Greeks believed. That Something happy sings
Beneath the din of life, great poets do attest,
And probably their hearing is the best.

That view of life which looks with stern and solemn eyes
Upon the world may meet at last a swift surprise,
And find the busy ages toil for this alone—
To seat a Touchstone on a Caesar's throne!

A. W. P.

REPORTER: I have come to interview you, sir.

GREAT STATESMAN: Well, go back and write your interview and let me see it.

REPORTER: Here it is.



APRIL 27, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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MATTERS in Ireland go on in a troubled fashion, but they go on. Frederick Palmer was there in March and searched out the factors in the situation with all his ability as a faithful man and a trained reporter. He found three-fourths of Ireland for the treaty, but not fully aware of it because the control of propaganda was still in the hands of the De Valera faction and each county in Southern Ireland, though aware that it wanted peace and the agreement, believed that it was the only county that did.

Colonel Palmer, writing in the middle of March, said that the real brains and punch of De Valera's Irish Republic Party was in Erskine Childers, lately Secretary to the Irish Delegation that negotiated the Free State Treaty, and not an Irishman at all, but a Protestant, of English birth, with an American wife who is a descendant of John Hancock. Childers, a graduate of Cambridge University, is a convert to the independent Ireland idea, and full of fanatical ardor about it, a good part of which, Colonel Palmer reports, is supplied by his wife. The elements of disorder in Ireland work with this faction, with De Valera as its figurehead, and with Childers and Mrs. Childers behind him. They propose apparently to control the majority in Ireland by force and terrorism. Collins is under the disadvantage of not having a convenient organized military or police force with which to keep them in order. Such a force must be provided and doubtless will be in time, for Collins and Griffith are able men, and if, as Colonel Palmer says, the people in Ireland are three to one in favor of a Free State agreement, that agreement seems bound to win in the end.

So if we hear of fighting in Ireland we must not be dismayed or think the Free State is not going to win out. Probably there will have to be fighting. Colonel Palmer speaks of an institution now existing and active there which is known as the Corner Boys. The Corner Boys seem to be gangsters or Hooligans. They are against the Free State government, and will queer the elections if they can and raise such hob as is practicable. The orderly Irish, who want peace and have a natural appetite for the prosperity that will come with it, have got to take care of the Corner Boys. No one else could do it to advantage.



WHEN Ireland has finally made its political toilet, cleaned up and washed its face, and produced a police force competent to keep order, it ought to be one of the most attractive places on earth for Americans to visit. All the prosperity it can hold is waiting for it. Meanwhile a vast goodwill goes out from this country to the Free State and its champions who are trying to win for Irishmen the greatest chance in a thousand years to show what Irishmen can do. There is no encouragement here for croakers who say that the Irish are not capable of self-government. They must be capable of it and must show their capacity. It may take time, but Ireland has got as much time as the rest of the world. If worst came to worst, Great Britain might do for her what the United States did for Cuba, send troops to put down insurrection and presently withdraw them. But things must be very bad before that remedy in Ireland would be either acceptable or useful.

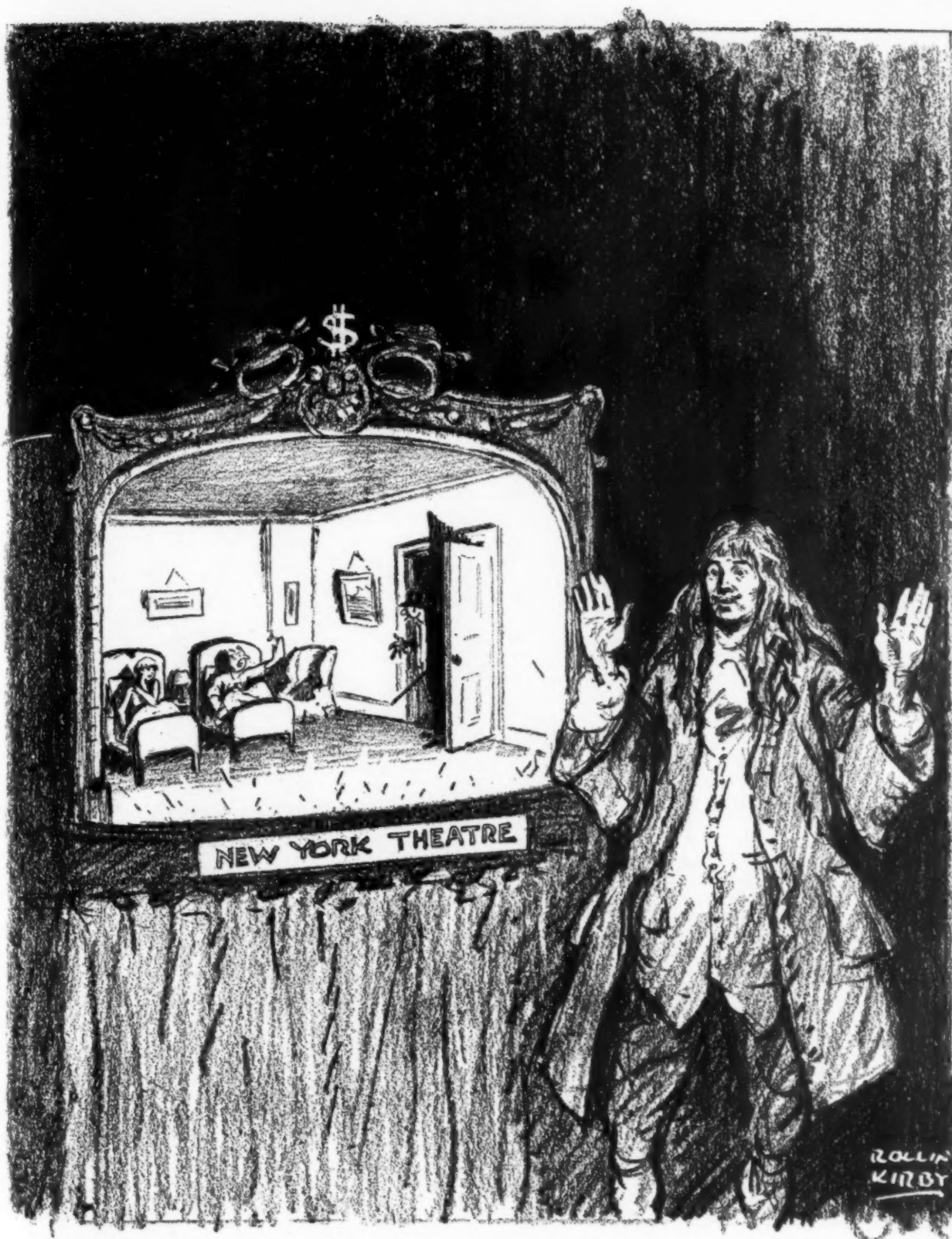


WE have goings-on in this country that are quite awful—hold-ups quite extraordinary, murders a great many, highly remarkable and sensational preaching by some ministers, extraordinary breaches of the Volstead Law, countless activities of bootleggers and illicit whisky makers, a vociferous scrap over Darwinism between Mr. Bryan and a lot of professors—but those of us who happen not to have been shot or put in jail take it all fairly easy and do not think our social order is going to smash.

Even the coal strike fails to disturb us very much. We believe that that will work out, and that in due time somebody will dig up some more coal, and we hope the final adjustment will secure to the miners better living conditions and more satisfaction with life. Being accustomed to go about unharmed, and have due sleep and sufficient food, we think things will adjust themselves presently to the way we are used to, so we are philosophic about everything and in a good position to be philosophic about Ireland, which to be sure, has not as yet a strong tradition of peaceful life induced and maintained by Irishmen, but is in a wonderfully fine position to get such a tradition started.

For us, that the banks and post office are sending out armored cars for the transportation of funds in the city streets is just an interesting sign of how disturbed the times are. We too have Corner Boys, quite a lot of them, and can sympathize with Ireland in the troubles they make. One can't expect a new era to get started anywhere in the world without some jolts.

E. S. M.



"Quelle différence!"

1622 Molière 1922



Miss and Mr. P.



Mr. New



The Children's Hour

THE vanguard of what the producers fondly hope will turn out to be summer shows has frolicked into town, including such impressive comedy personages as Charlotte Greenwood, Eddie Cantor and DeWolf Hopper. Their respective vehicles are this year called "Letty Pepper," "Make It Snappy" and "Some Party!"

Maybe it was because "Letty Pepper" came in at the end of a long drought, but it didn't seem so bad. True, it contains a prize exhibit of jokes which, for the past twenty years, have been used for nothing but breeding purposes, and Mr. Janssen's music, while pleasant, especially as sung by the King sisters, is nothing to cause Jerome Kern any sleepless nights. In fact, mature thought brings one to the conclusion that it is a pretty terrible show in a great many ways. But it has one feature which many better shows have lacked and which makes up for a great deal. The feature is Miss Charlotte Greenwood.



MISS GREENWOOD is one of the few women on the stage who are really funny in their own right. Wholly apart from the various limbs which she has at her disposal, and which she waves about with such telling effect, she impresses you as being a person whose faculties for entertaining lie chiefly behind a pair of extremely friendly eyes. She has the distinction of looking like no one else in the world, a distinction which is only slightly more valuable than that (also hers) of being able to pull wheezes about the League of Nations and Hoboken without seeming offensive. Some of the lines she has to speak in "Letty Pepper" are incredibly old and doddering, but it is several minutes before you realize it and, even then, you have a feeling that she thinks they are just as bad as you do.

The secret of it all is probably the fact that behind those windmill arms Miss Greenwood is clearly kidding both the show and herself. The show needs kidding, but Miss Greenwood is better than she thinks.



AND while we are on the subject of "Letty Pepper" we might as well come right out with an ultimatum. In the future, any manager who hires a midget to play the part of a little boy stands a good chance of having us break up the show by screaming and tearing the arms off the chairs. Stage-children are bad enough, anyway, but when next we are asked to coo and murmur over a tiny

gentleman who must have been entitled to vote for Benjamin Harrison, there is nothing we shall omit to do which might be construed as a sign of disapproval.



THIS whole question of children's rôles is one which ought to come up for very serious discussion. If you get children who are young enough to look the part, they are pretty nearly always so offensively precocious that strangling immediately suggests itself as the only way out of the situation. And if a small adult is chosen, whatever is gained in repression is lost in illusion.

In real life, parents usually find some way of communicating to the world the more remarkable sayings of their children. You might never see a child from one year's end to the other and yet be in close touch with its movements and conversation, simply by working in the same office with its father or belonging to a bridge-club with its mother.

Why shouldn't it be possible to do the same with children on the stage? Keep them out of sight entirely, let us say in some good school up in the mountains where the air is clear and where they can spend all their time in growing up into fine, upstanding men and women, and if it becomes necessary for the development of the plot to have a communication from them, let some one in the rôle of parent come on and say (for example):

"My little kid said the darnedest thing this morning. 'Daddy,' she said, 'why don't you and muvver live together any more?' Pretty good, eh, for a six-year-old?"

This would save the scene in which the child herself would have to run on and say the line, and would also save the audience a painful experience.

For the good of the drama, announcement is hereby made that this department will receive contributions for a fresh-air farm to which stage-children are to be sent—and kept.



AT this writing we have seen neither "Make It Snappy" nor "Some Party!" Our prediction is that we are not going to like Eddie Cantor, and that we shall wish that DeWolf Hopper would do Gilbert and Sullivan again. Next week's LIFE will contain the final verdict, if you can wait that long.

For those who are too impatient, we will telegraph our opinion or perhaps broadcast it from Newark. The main thing is to get the news out to the world as soon as possible.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Back to Methuselah. *Garrick*.—A week's work. The Bat. *Morisco*.—Champion among mystery plays.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker*.—Good old-fashioned melodrama with plenty to hiss and cheer.

The Cat and the Canary. *National*.—Frightful nervous strain which will delight both young and old.

The First Fifty Years. *Princess*.—A large segment of unhappy married life, with Clare Eames and Tim Powers the only members of an excellent cast.

The Green Ring. *Neighborhood*.—Philosophical Russian play containing several refreshing scenes.

The Hairy Ape. *Plymouth*.—Eugene O'Neill's powerful fantasy of a man's descent from stoke-hole to zoo.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton*.—A production of Andreyev's tragedy of the circus in which none of its beauty is lost.

The Hindu. *Comedy*.—Walker Whiteside in a melodrama of the East containing much that is pleasantly familiar.

The Law Breaker. *Klaw*.—Acceptable sociology but not much of a show.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic*.—Nothing momentous but interesting as such gentleman-crook plays go.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller's*.—Laurette Taylor showing up the dangers of alcohol and jazz.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A splendid play acted with skill by Lucile Watson, Christine Norman and others.

Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort*.—Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash in highly amusing romantic burlesque.

The Czarina. *Empire*.—Affairs of love and state in the household of Catharine of Russia, deliciously portrayed by Doris Keane.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge*.—Pretty gosh-durned fly, by Heck!

The Dover Road. *Bijou*.—Delightful English comedy, with Charles Cherry in the lead.

The First Year. *Little*.—A masterpiece made from trivialities of home-life.

The French Doll. *Lyceum*.—An unusually good cast headed by Irene Bordoni in a rather usual play about marrying for money.

The Goldfish. *Maxine Elliott's*.—To be reviewed next week.

Kiki. *Belasco*.—Lenore Ulric in a remarkable characterization of a little Parisian *cocotte*.

Lady Bug. *Apollo*.—To be reviewed next week.

Madeleine and the Movies. *Gaiety*.—A great deal of excitement over very little in a fast-moving play speeded along by George M. Cohan and daughter.

The Rubicon. *Hudson*.—For those who are interested in the bed-room life of our two-footed friends.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*.—One automobile causing a lot of trouble in the suburban home of Ernest Truex and June Walker.

To the Ladies! *Liberty*.—Proving conclusively and entertainingly that women are the backbone of the nation.

The Truth About Blayds. *Booth*.—An unusual and satisfying play about the blasting of a literary reputation.

Up the Ladder. *Playhouse*.—Staple comedy with a staple moral.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*.—An excellent score, thanks to Franz Schubert.

The Blue Kitten. *Selwyn*.—Joseph Cawthorn in one of those.

The Blushing Bride. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield in another of those.

Chauve Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Russian entertainers in some old favorites well done.

For Goodness Sake! *Lyric*.—Dancing by the Astaires.

Good Morning Dearie! *Globe*.—Good all-around musical comedy.

The Hotel Mouse. *Shubert*.—Frances White with a few new songs.

Letty Pepper. *Vanderbilt*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Make It Snappy. *Winter Garden*.—To be reviewed next week.

Marjolaine. *Broadhurst*.—Peggy Wood in a delightfully musical version of "Pomander Walk."

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—The prices are down now.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's*.—Ed Wynn at his best.

The Rose of Stamboul. *Century*.—Spectacular comic opera, with Tessa Kosta and James Barton.

Tangerine. *Casino*.—Julia Sanderson in one of the season's most successful shows.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 34. An undeviled ham gets away from Mr. Underwood's little fellow workers.

Sounder Locates Blame for Coal Strike

Meaning Nothing Personal, He Puts It Right Up to the Consumer



Statistics always confuse me a bit.

WASHINGTON, April 24. It was I think in very poor taste for the coal operators and mine workers to arrange their little strike at a time when Congress, absorbed in looking for misplaced commas in the Conference treaties, was unable to do anything about it. I'd almost say it was unconstitutional, for never in the history of the nation has a strike of any importance been launched without a proper Congressional investigation or at least a Resolution. If as a result of the slight their strike doesn't amount to much, they will have only themselves to blame.

However, I am not the man to let personal rancor stand in the way of duty. In a few weeks the man in the street, or rather the man in the cellar, will want to know whom to blame for his empty coal bin; you can swear much more effectively if you have a particular person or persons in mind than if you have to generalize. I have therefore, acting unofficially, made an exhaustive study of the situation, and would even have gone to the mines themselves if I had been able to persuade Senator Tom Heflin to accompany me. He felt, however, that the nature of the investigation might endanger the white linen waistcoat which he had just put on to mark the advent of spring.

EVEN so, my researches have been fruitful. In the first place I am



The man to blame for the coal strike.

able to exonerate the mine owners from any responsibility for the strike. From statistics that they furnished me I find that 103% of the coal mines in the U. S. consistently lose money. Of the 982 mine owners in this country, 420 receive aid from organized charity, 559 are dependent on their aged parents for support, and 3 eke out a scant livelihood by selling subscriptions to a popular periodical in their spare time. It seems to me that the work of owning a mine must get an extraordinary grip on a man, or else it's pure unselfishness that keeps him in the business. At any rate you couldn't accuse such a man of anything so base as engineering a strike. In further proof of their idealism, the mine owners refused to waste valuable time in idle talk around a conference table, and preferred instead to break their agreement to arbitrate.

JUST as blameless in causing the strike, and quite as unselfish, are the miners themselves. Statistics always confuse me a bit, but if I understand correctly those furnished by the labor leaders, the men have for years been working for about 70% of the minimum necessary to sustain life.

Love of their work, I suppose, makes up the deficit. Money evidently means nothing to them; certainly the anthracite workers make nothing at all of the fact that their wages increased during the war more than those of any other industry. Probably it's a sort of homely pride in their profession that leads them to seek further boosts or shorter hours now; they feel that with business more or less sick, the cost

of living coming down, and wages everywhere else following suit, at least their own line shall hold firmly to wartime standards.

IN devotion to the public's interests, there is nothing to choose between the two sides in the controversy. Each has fervently expressed its hope that the other won't cause the public to suffer any hardships. With the operators and miners exonerated from blame, the question of responsibility narrows itself down to the only other interested party—the consumer; and I must say that a careful weighing of the facts makes the case look pretty black against him. I find four major counts:

(1) As a consumer, he has created the demand for coal. Without this demand there would be no strike, no disputes to settle, or in fact any coal mines at all.

(2) He has been unreasonable in his demands. Except for his repeated protests against including slate, bricks, cobblestones, cast off bric-a-brac and other objects in each ton of coal, the operators would have been able to make a really substantial profit.

(3) He has been guilty of various practices in restraint of trade. He sifts his ashes, puts up storm windows, and refuses to build up his furnace fire in the fall until his wife compels him to. All these acts tend to diminish the ease with which the mines can dispose of their wares.

(4) There is evidence of the profiteering spirit in his expressed reluctance to go on paying fifteen or so dollars a ton for coal for the rest of his life. Except for this spirit in the consumer, the operators and miners could have easily settled their differences to mutual satisfaction and profit.

So really the consuming public has nothing to complain of if it suffers any slight inconveniences in the way of lack of coal, interrupted business revival, or higher costs. Furthermore, it won't do it any good to complain. What is the Public for?

Sounder.



Senator Heflin did not wish to endanger his white linen waistcoat.



Luck of the Stream
Poor Fish!

THE SILENT DRAMA



Bigger and Better

PROGRAM pictures are the everyday, intentionally mediocre films that are turned out on schedule in bundles of twelve, and are sold to the public on the strength of one star's name.

Their success was founded on the fortunate fact that any photoplay that had a popular star in its cast and an established producing company behind it was bound to make money. Now all that is changed. The public, with less money to squander on frivolous entertainment, is becoming more discriminating.

Hence the bigger and better and fewer pictures. Charles Ray, for instance, who used to make nine pictures a year, is now making only two, and the same general rule applies to every other star.

There have been a few big spectacles that stood out: Griffith's, Douglas Fairbanks', Rex Ingram's and some of the German and Italian productions; but the majority have been terrible. And there is no doubt that the salvation of the movies lies in small pictures, based on simple stories, produced with a minimum amount of ostentation and a maximum amount of intelligence.

The ideal example that immediately springs to mind is "Tol'able David."

"Grandma's Boy"

WHICH brings us, for no reason whatsoever, to a consideration of Harold Lloyd's latest picture, "Grandma's Boy."

Lloyd has made many splendid com-

coward. He is kicked about by everyone, and is too meek to protest. His grandmother, realizing his pitiful condition, decides to reform him by underhand methods—and her success is demonstrated in as lively a series of episodes as these old, glazed eyes have ever witnessed.

"Grandma's Boy" is one of those rare pictures that can be recommended to everyone, big or little, youthful or aged, and any of our readers who are inclined to dispute the commendation may receive official permission to stay away from the movies the rest of their lives.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

There's Room for Everybody

The Joneses were deep in despair
As their son wasn't really "all there"
But their gloom is now joy
As they found that their boy
Was a movie scenario bear!

edies of varying lengths—from one reel up; but he has never done anything better than this. It is, at the same time, his most ambitious work and his finest. He has told a story that is both funny and dramatic and that contains an unobtrusive but very definite idea. It is the story of a boy who is so utterly lacking in self-confidence that he is actually a miserable

populace out of the theatres.

Mr. Fox should put a similar ban on all scenes showing people eating, sleeping, reading, motoring, going to work, drinking ice-cream sodas or doing anything else. And soon eating, sleeping, reading, etc., will go out of fashion, and the public will devote its entire time to the pleasant task of watching Fox Films.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Ostracizing Babe Ruth

ACCORDING to a newspaper report, William Fox has ordered the camera-men who work for the Fox News to refrain from taking any pictures of baseball players or scenes, on the ground that baseball competes with motion pictures and keeps the

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A Page of New Aesthetics

The Painting of Mademoiselle Intriguerie



Mlle. Intriguerie in her studio

WHAT is it, after all, that raises Yvonne Intriguerie above the ruck and rabble of the modernist painters? Is it that her painting is so subtly *intime*? Is it that it is so *raffiné*? Is it that it is so *rare* (not rare as we should say, Anglo-Saxons); so of the quality, as she would express it, *des papillons nus qui dansent sur un poêle chaud*? Is it that it is so . . . What is it that it is, indeed?

I wandered at random into Mlle. Intriguerie's tiny Paris studio in a corner of the *rue des Escargots au Beurre*. There she was, painting, *Mon Dieu!* splashing great gules of color on the vast canvas before her.

"Ah," I said in French, and then, feeling that this had somehow been inadequate, I added, "alors!" I had no sooner spoken than I regretted my words.

"What I meant to say was," I went on haltingly, "that it is your method that so intrigues me."

"Ah!" she said, coming very close to me and tapping her long thin finger on my shoulder. "You mean my *inspiration*! It comes to me first in melody." She hummed melodiously an instant. "You see that is *g minor*." I observed that it was, to be sure. "Now *g minor* in painting is chrome yellow." "Obviously," I said. She picked up a tube of paint and squeezed it out on the canvas. "Hear that?" To my insensitive ears, the pigment made no sound, notwithstanding the pain she must be inflicting on it. "Now for the accompaniment in *c major*. A *souçon* of burnt sienna." Burnt as it was it made no murmur. "*Voilà!* A symphony! It sings! There is the finished painting. I call it 'Form: A Study in Expression of the Ego-soul.' My soul! My singing soul!"

I left her in a confusion of thoughts. In the warm sunlight of the *rue des Escargots au Beurre*, I thought how little we *bourgeois* Americans know of Art! *Espèces de sauvages!*

Roger Burlingame.



(Above) Form—a Study in Expression of the Ego-soul
(Below) Truth



Fiction

DAVID THE SON OF JESSE, by Marjorie Strachey (The Century Company). With an extremely felicitous opening paragraph to live up to, this yarn does give one a lively insight into the days when "men was men." Expanding the Biblical lore of the Old Testament, Samuel, Saul, Jonathan, David and the rest are made extremely human and real—almost modern. Samuel we find to be a remarkably foxy political boss, while David shows some amazingly sophisticated and advanced talents. All in all, it's a far better popular version of ancient Judea than anything that has come out of the movies.

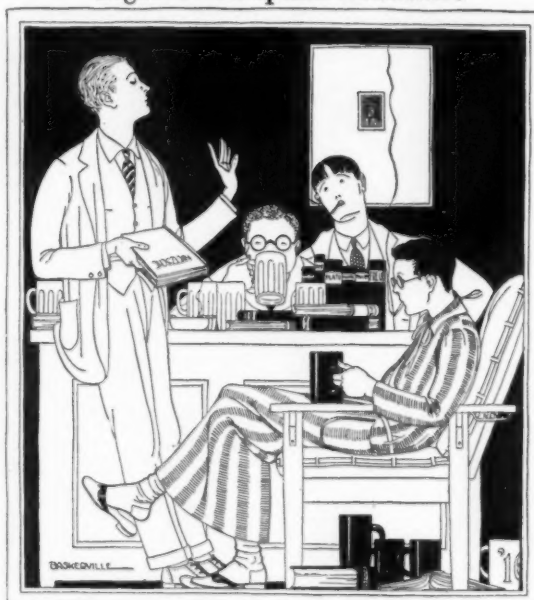
THE IDOL OF PARIS, by Sarah Bernhardt (The Macaulay Company). By succumbing to the authorship of a novel, the Divine Sarah proves that, *après tout*, she is only too human. Being all about a young actress so talented that great critics send her flowers, prepaid, and so beautiful that noblemen pursue her with honorable intentions in eight-hour shifts, there are dark hints about the jacket that the book *may* be autobiographical. If it is autobiographical, then why isn't it an autobiography? As such, it might have been better, for as a novelist Mme. Bernhardt shows much of the naïvete and artlessness of Miss Daisy Ashford.

THE PURPLE PEARL, by Anthony Pryde (Dodd, Mead & Company). A mildly flowing love story dealing with a war hero and a girl named Violet and others, reminiscent in style and without any special distinction. That the characters in it belong to the upper class does not save it from mediocrity. And yet, as a story it is pretty good.

BIRTHRIGHT, by T. S. Stribling (The Century Company). A vigorous and sympathetic account of the helplessness of a Negro Harvard graduate returned to better the wretched conditions of Negroes in his little Southern home town. He soon discovers that his race is content with the low estimate placed upon it by the whites.

Idealistic and innocent in his dealings with the whites, he finds himself betrayed and cheated by them—to the great amusement of both black and white. Eventually, he leaves the retrogressive South for Chicago, taking with him an octoroon wife who has also had enough education to be anxious for better things. His desire to better others has been changed into an effort to save himself. Well worth reading, but rather rough on Harvard.

Figures in Popular Literature



The Boy Savant

BEHOLD, in all his native state,
Dispensing truths profound,
The gifted undergraduate,
The learned campus hound.
His reading fills his youthful head
With thoughts that throb and hum,
For Nietzsche, as is often said,
Abhors a vacuum.

In lighter moments, he's the man
That fills the flappers' dreams;
He'd make the All-American—
If there were petting teams.
His self-regard is scarcely small,
His conservation shows it;
Just ask him anything at all—
For he's the boy that knows it.

Oh, youth verbose, our feelings spare—
For God, for country, and forbear!

Dorothy Parker.

KIMONA, by John Paris (Boni & Liveright). This book has attracted wide attention already in England and has been reviewed by all the leading critics, and in most respects highly commended. A first novel, it deals with the relationship of a British naval officer and his Japanese wife, and reveals an intimate and accurate knowledge of Japanese life, including the Yoshiwara. It is well written, extremely interesting and comes at the right moment for an appreciation of things Japanese.

THE VERTICAL CITY, by Fannie Hurst (Harper & Brothers.) Stories of New York life and according to the published announcement "about people who live dangerously." It maintains the high short story level of the author—remarkable studies of contemporary types, told with dramatic force, color and humor.

THE ROAD TO THE WORLD, by Webb Waldron (The Century Company). When we first picked up this book, we thought it was going to be the same old thing—the fatal tale of a boy who "grew up." But it isn't. On the contrary, however much we may deplore the run of the story itself, it cannot be dismissed as not being worth while. It is an extremely suggestive story, and well done.

SWEET WATERS, by Harold Nicholson (Houghton Mifflin Company). The scene is laid in Constantinople. Extremely well done. Very much worth while as a study in character and for its local setting.

Others

MEMORIES AND BASE DETAILS, by Lady Angela Forbes (George H. Doran Company). The biography of an English society woman, written somewhat after the manner of Margot Asquith—possibly not so strong—and extremely interesting, if you care for that sort of thing.

MY LIFE OF SONG, by Madame Tetrassini (Dorance & Company). The life of one of the most distinguished
(Continued on page 27)



Is this offer too good to be true?

Is it possible that we are offering a value too great to be credible?
Do people shy at the thought of getting too much for their money?

WE recently mailed several thousand circulars to booklovers. We described and pictured these thirty volumes of the Little Leather Library honestly, sincerely, accurately. But we received relatively few orders.

Then we mailed several more thousand circulars to booklovers, *this time enclosing a sample cover* of one of the volumes illustrated above. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people can not believe we can really offer so great a value unless they see a sample!

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. The best we can do is to describe and picture the books in the limited space on this page. We depend on your faith in the statements made by the advertisements appearing in LIFE; and we are hoping you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

What this offer is

Here then is our offer. The illustration above shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. These include the finest works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Macaulay, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummond, Conan Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning, and others. These are books which no one cares to confess

he has not read and re-read; books which bear reading a score of times.

Each of these volumes is complete—this is not that abomination, a collection of extracts; the paper is a high-grade white wove antique, equal to that used in books selling at \$1.50 to \$2.00; the type is clear and easy to read; the binding is a beautiful limp material, tinted in antique copper and green, and so handsomely embossed as to give it the appearance of hand tooled leather.

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Many people who have been asked to guess the value of these books have estimated, before we told them the price, that they are worth from \$50 to \$100 for the complete set. These records are on file for inspection of any one interested.



Like One Big Family

One day an inspector of a New York tenement house found four families living in one room, chalk lines having been drawn in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family.

"How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector.

"Very well," was the reply. "Only the man in the farthest corner keeps boarders."

—Treat 'Em Square.

What Every Mother Wants

FOND MOTHER (at children's outfitters): Is this baby's bonnet well made?

SALES LADY: Well made, Madam? It will last your baby a lifetime.

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

The Old Steed

From a Texas obituary—"Just about daylight the Pale Horse came for him, with saddle and bridle of righteousness, and he straddled it and rode home."

—Boston Transcript.

EVERY so often somebody tries to break up our library by urging a "Return Borrowed Books Week."

—Kansas City Star.



Visitor (to sculptor): Never play golf! Then what on earth do you do for exercise?

—Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.

Modern Manners

Scene: Top of a bus. Two young women, apparently clerks. Rain begins to fall.

FIRST GIRL: Conductor, any room inside?

CONDUCTOR: Only standing room, miss.

FIRST GIRL: Any men sitting down?

CONDUCTOR: Three or four.

FIRST GIRL (to Second Girl): Come on downstairs out of the wet.

CONDUCTOR (to the rest of the passengers on the top): Well, that just about wins it!

—London Morning Post.

Truly, Brother!

"What are the wild waves saying?" she murmured poetically as they strolled the beach.

"I dunno, exactly," he replied, with a gulp. "But th' waves of twenty years ago'd be shocked if they could hear it, I bet!"

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Suburbanity

WOMAN: I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood.

TRAMP: Don't apologize for it, mum, I've seen worse.

—Williams Purple Cove.

PROSPECTS who are not expert mechanics will think twice before placing their order for a car with a dealer who advertises: "Spend your week-ends on the open road."

—Toronto Telegram.

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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 24)

singers of the period, written by herself. Interesting to all lovers of music and song.

THE PSYCHIC HEALTH OF JESUS, by Walter E. Bundy (The Macmillan Company). The author says in his preface that "the task of coming to a newer and fresher understanding of Jesus is the bounden duty of all confessed Christians." But does this book do it?

THE PSYCHIC LIFE OF INSECTS, by E.-L. Bouvier (The Century Company). To those who are interested in the subject, this book is not only worth while, but a necessity.

Rhymed Reviews

Maria Chapdelaine

By Louis Hémon. Translated by W. H. Blake
The Macmillan Co.

A MAIDEN fair to look upon,
Maria dwelt where settlers shiver
In white Quebec, near Lake St. John,
Across the Peribonka River.

Her father, Farmer Chapdelaine,
Was much too fond of pioneering;
He scorned the cultivated plain
And loved the lonely forest clearing.

She loved young François Paradis;
But Fate his life-thread rudely
scissored:

That fearless woodsman frank and free
Succumbed to fierce December's
blizzard.

Then suitors twain of good renown
Besought the melancholy charmer:
Lorenzo Suprenant from town,
And plain Eutrope Gagnon, a farmer.

"Be mine!" Lorenzo urged his plea,
"And taste the joy of life in Lowell!"
"Abide," Eutrope implored, "with me;
'Tis best to stick to those you know
well."

But when Maria's mother died,
Her doubts were solved; her vow
was spoken
To be the humble farmer's bride;
For hers were bonds not lightly
broken;

For these were hers and she was
theirs;—
Her little church of heavenward
steeple,
Her homely duties, joys and cares,
Her simple, hardy, pious people.

And if you'd list a lovely song
Of life beyond our northern border
Where no one does a thing that's
wrong,
This book is just the book to order.
Arthur Guiterman.

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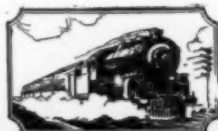
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"The doctor tells me my pulse is too slow, but what difference does that make when you've got lots of time?"
—Kasper (Stockholm).

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Even-Handed Justice

A brawny blacksmith was appointed justice of the peace. The first case he heard was one arising out of the death of a cow under the wheels of a goods train. Plaintiff's counsel enumerated the many virtues of the late cow; he described her gentleness; he told of the great bereavement to her immediate family, consisting of a young calf; and dwelt upon the heartlessness of a system which by its brutal carelessness had made stew-meat of the parent and an orphan of the offspring.

As he sat down, the new justice said, with a voice husky with emotion, "I've heard enough! Plaintiff wins!" and proceeded to enter judgment for the full amount of damages.

But the lawyer for the other side protested. He was silver-tongued, with automatic tear valves and a friction-proof jaw. Among other matters pertinent to the issue, he introduced the Union Jack, Magna Charta, and "Little Grey Home in the West," concluding the whole by bursting into a violent fit of weeping.

As he sank into his seat the justice wiped his streaming eyes, and in a voice quivering with sobs exclaimed: "Well, that beats all! Defense wins!"

—Tit-Bits (London).

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Catholicity

The advocates of opera-in-English-at-any-price recall Julian Street's historic interview with William Jennings Bryan some years ago. Street asked him to name his favorite picture.

"The Madonna," promptly replied Mr. Bryan.

"Which Madonna, Mr. Bryan?"

"Any Madonna."

—New York World.

All Explained

"Fifty dollars for six photographs?"

"That's what I paid."

"Where does the work come in to justify such prices?"

"Well, they look like you and yet they don't look like you. There's where the fifty dollars comes in."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our Spring Thriller

"I've got you at last," he cried, "move if you dare, move! It's taken me many years, but at last I've got you where I want you! Now I dare you to move!"

"Yep, you're right," replied his friend, "it's the first game of checkers you ever did win from me."

—Treat 'Em Square.

A Scientist and a Gentleman

The Rev. H. D. Ford, the well-known naturalist of Thursby, in a recent address stated that he once saw a Red Admiral butterfly helplessly intoxicated. It is only fair to say that he offered to see it home.

—Punch.

The Slamback

THE COMEDIAN: Hey, you, my dressing room is hot enough to fry eggs.

THE STAGEHAND: Don't worry; it isn't hot enough to cook a ham.

—Youngstown Telegram.

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A Promising Pupil

"How do you like school, my little darling?" asked the fond mother after his first day at school.

"It's fine," he replied. "I've licked two kids already for calling me mother's little darling."

—London Morning Post.

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Ask for free book, "American Traveler in Europe 1922"
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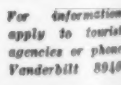
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"How Shall I Word It?"

Max Beerbohm in his new book, "And Even Now," seeks to improve on the too perfect "complete letter writer for men and women," and indicates what sort of model letter that type of manual really needs. For instance, a letter to thank an author for an inscribed copy of his book should read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Emanuel Flower:

"It was kind of you to think of sending me a copy of your new book. It would have been kinder still to think again and abandon that project. I am a man of gentle instincts, and do not like to tell you that 'A Flight into Arcady' (of which I have skimmed a few pages, thus wasting two or three minutes of my not altogether worthless time) is trash. On the other hand, I am determined that you shall not be able to go around boasting to your friends, if you have any, that this work was not condemned, derided, and dismissed by your sincere well-wisher, WREXFORD CRIPPS."

—New York World.

Second Thoughts

In a certain island section of Florida a good many rough characters live, who are idle, quarrelsome, shift about a good deal, and hard to keep track of. One of them, named Tomlinson, was accused of robbery, and the sheriff went to arrest him. But Tomlinson "got the drop" on the officer, disarmed him, and kept him two days. Finally Tomlinson released the sheriff, and gave him back his pistol, first throwing the cartridges out.

Then the sheriff returned home, Tomlinson landing him on the mainland.

"Well," the deputy asked his chief, "did you get your man?"

"No," the sheriff replied, "he's about the only man over there who does anything, and I thought I would let him alone."

—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Masterpieces

HE (at studio tea): Georgette is an angel.

SHE: Bah! She's all over paint.

HE: But I never saw an angel that hadn't been painted.

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

"The End"

That children often find interesting those very things in newspapers which parents would rather they did not was brought home to a certain mother at the time of the Landru execution.

Upon coming to the breakfast table one morning she found her seven-year-old daughter eating her oatmeal in a state of great thrill.

"Mother," the little girl said breathlessly and with much joy, "Bluebeard is dead!"

Mother swallowed hard, thought quickly, and said quietly, "Is he, Patsy?"

—New York Evening Post.

The Established Order

The war has come and gone, the face of the earth has been remapped, great social and economic changes are on the way, a new world swims towards us... but photographs of female members of Europe's royal families show the same strange, enduring dowdiness.

—Don Marquis, in New York Sun.

"SPIFFINS is the most henpecked man in the world."

"How come?"

"His wife makes him put on evening clothes to sit home and listen to a radio concert."—Buffalo Express.



"And they said it wasn't good enough!"

A salesman and an advertising man met in a Hartford hotel.

"Just been down to Glastonbury," said the salesman, "to show the J. B. Williams Company a sample of a certain oil that they use in their Shaving Soaps. It's the best I carry. Very high grade. Practically edible. And they said it wasn't good enough. What do you know about that?"

"I know a lot," said the advertising man. "I know how finicky they are about the stuff they put into their soap. Good enough to eat. That's their motto."

"Good enough" only if it's the best there is. And it's this best in materials, skill and experience that has given Williams' Shaving Cream these distinctive features:—

It thoroughly softens the beard

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If you are not one of the millions who already know Williams' Shaving Cream, try a few shaves with a

FREE SAMPLE TUBE



($\frac{3}{8}$ actual size)

Williams'

Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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Send me, free, a trial size tube of Shaving Cream.
(Use this coupon or a postal card)

Name

Address

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*Our reason for asking this question of
our readers will appear when you
have read what follows.*



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The Real Wiglaf: Man and Monarch

(Continued from page 10)

Wiglaf ascended the throne of Mercia, his father having disappeared Saturday night without trace. A peasant some years after said that he met the old king walking along a road near what is now the Scottish border, telling people that he was carrying a letter of greeting from the Mayor of Pontygn to the Mayor of Langosgirh. Others say that he fell into the sea off the coast of Wales and became what is now known as King's Rocks. This last has never been authenticated.

At any rate, the son, on ascending the throne, became king. His first official act was to order dinner. "A nice, juicy steak," he is said to have called for. "French fries, apple pie and a cup of coffee." It is probable that he really said "a coff of cuppee," however, as he was a wag of the first water and loved a joke as well as the next king.

We now are thrown into the maelstrom of contradictory historical data, some of which credits Wiglaf with being the greatest ruler Mercia ever had and some of which indicates that he was nothing but a royal bum. It is not the purpose of this biography to try to settle the dispute. All we know for a fact is that he was a very human man who had his faults like the rest of us and that shortly after becoming king he disappears from view.

His reign began at 4 p. m. one Wednesday (no, Thursday) afternoon and early the next morning Mercia was overrun by the West-Saxons. It is probable that King Wiglaf was sold for old silver to help pay expenses.

¹Peasant Tales and Fun-making. II. 965.
²Fifty Menus for August.—46

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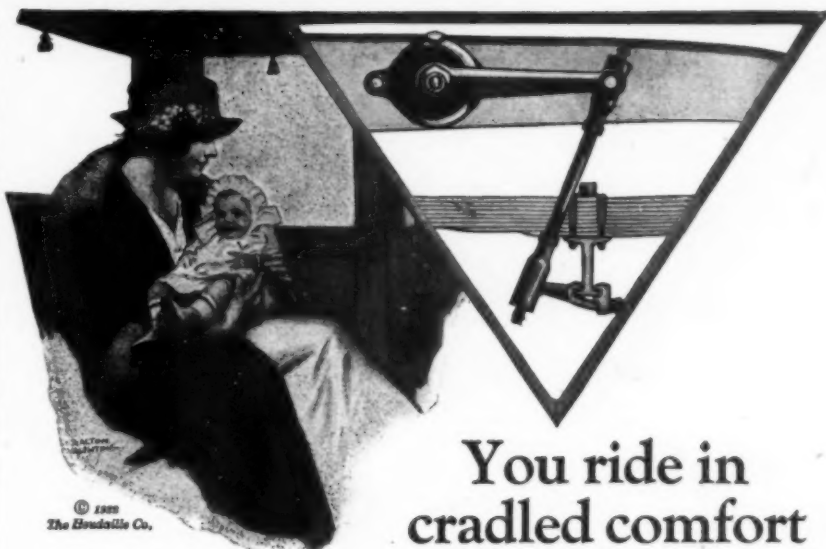
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HYDRAULIC

An Ozark Plesiosaurus

When the White River branch of the Missouri Pacific Railroad was built down through the Ozarks the population had never seen a railroad train. The platform was crowded and many women were there with their sunshades.

The engineer made a lot of unnecessary snortings with his engine and would reverse the throttle, causing the wheels to spin around, which terrified the people. Then he turned on the side valves, blowing out great jets of steam, and the people almost fell over themselves to back out of the way.

Finally the engineer stuck his head out of the cab window and sang out: "If some of you ladies don't put down your parasols I don't believe I can handle this critter much longer."

In three seconds every woman lowered her parasol, and they seemed much relieved when the engineer got his train in motion without further trouble and went lumbering away down the track.

—Columbus (Kan.) Advocate.

From the Back Seat

FRIEND: "What do you get out of your car?"

MARRIED MAN (who drives under influence of his wife): Oh, about ten thousand words to the gallon.

—Florida Times-Union.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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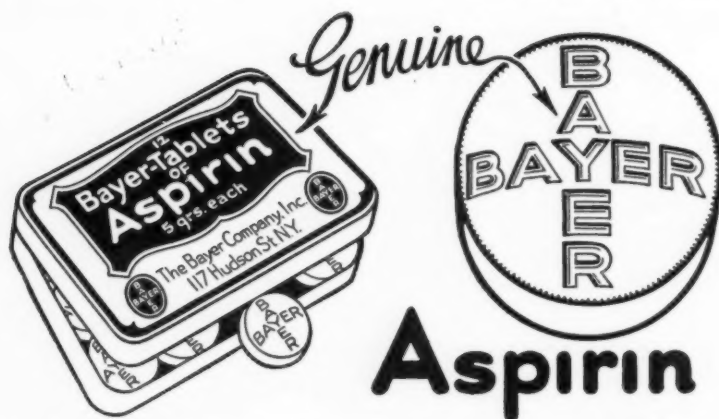
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THE SUSPENDED SENTENCE

She: There's the ermine I told you I wanted. But you may find it a little—er—too dear.

He: Not at all. The cost is nothing to me—

"Oh, how wonderful—"

"Since I don't intend buying it for you."

—Il Secolo XX (Milan).

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Reunion of the A. O. of J.

THE Ancient Order of Jests held its four hundredth decennial convocation last week in the cold-storage vault of LIFE's offices. With that blended sense of timeliness and of love for the antique so characteristic of the Order, the Campaign-orator Joke was elected chairman, and the Ouija Board, after a spirited contest with the *Congressional Record*, was made official reporter. "The *Record* is doubtless the biggest joke," said a prominent delegate, "but the Ouija is less tedious."

In a keynote speech chortling with mouldy quips, the chairman declared that the salvation of the world from sham and ingrowing self-importance lay in a return to the curative humor of Cervantes and Rabelais. "The purge for the ridiculousness of democracy," said he, "lies in more ridicule."

The Membership Committee recommended that the Free-verse, the Jazz, the Henry Ford and the Harold Bell Wright Jokes be admitted to temporary membership, with the privilege of permanent affiliation should they survive ten years; that the Josephus Daniels and the Burleson Jokes be granted only six months' extension of probation, and that the Bryan Joke be made permanent. Prohibition was declared to be no joke. The Committee further deplored the general flimsiness of the recent output of jokes, contrasting the decrepit quality of the new brethren with the indestructible youth of the Borrow-your-lawnmower Joke, the Ab-

sent-minded-professor Joke and other charter members.

The Grievance Committee called attention to the criminal overworking of certain jests. The Neighbors'-hens-in-your-garden Joke insisted there was no such thing as overwork, and the Lost-collar-button Joke, leaping nimbly to the platform, whooped: "When you experience that tired feeling, just take a turn through the exchanges. I've done it," he cackled, "since the Stone Age—and look at me now." Nevertheless, the Committee exhibited the Limerick, so crippled he had to be carried up the aisle. "The newspapers have abused you shamefully," sobbed the chairman. "But remember, although the infant mortality among jokes is terrible, quips that survive forty or fifty years never die. Try to hold on." The Order thereupon voted the Limerick twenty years of undisturbed repose in a Library of the World's Best Humor, assuring him that he would emerge some time as good as new. E. O. J.

Hymnlet to Spring

(By the Puzzle Editor)

SING hey! and sing, moreover, ho!
Sing hi! and, at your option, lo!
Sing anything you want to sing,
For 'tis ———*.

Sing, birdlet in the treelet's top!
Sing Lee, Sing Wah, Sing Foo, Sing Hop!

Sing, workman! Sing, itinerant bum!
Sing, all of you, for ——— has come.

*(Fill out blank and mail.)

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